MUSIC lovers will be glad to learn that two more performances of "The Jolly Musketeer" will be given on Monday afternoon and evening. By mistake these performances were announced for last week.

"The Yankee Hero," which will be the attraction at the Salt Palace theatre for the first three nights of this week, is a beautiful story of peasantry and nobility in the island of Cuba in early days, when the Cubans were crushed with tyranny. The story is of a Cuban flower girl and of a generous Yankee, and is full of good comedy. The special features will be a ballet of beautiful girls in some new and novel work, led by a good premiere, together with specialties.

The past week at the Salt Palace was a successful one, nearly all the performances having been attended by good-sized audiences. The first two nights "'Twixt Love and Duty" was presented, and the remainder of the week "The Wanderer" was the bill.

John Philip Sousa has written a new march, which he has named "Imperial Edward," and which has been dedicated, by special permission, to his most gracious majesty, King Edward VII.

When Mr. Sousa gave a concert with his band at Sandringham, England, before the royal family on the queen's birthday, Dec. 1, King Edward took occasion to compliment the American composer on his music, and granted Sousa permission to write a march in his honor, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The composition was written during Sousa's recent vacation at Hot Springs, Va., and the dedication and title of the new march was submitted to the king through the proper channels. Ten days ago a cablegram brought the royal approval, and since that time the march has been arranged for band and orchestra, has been engraved and printed in many thousand copies and distributed to the music trade, has been rehearsed by the Sousa band under Sousa's direction, and given to the public during the band's tour in Canada.

Wilberforce Jenkins, a New York biographer extraordinary, pays his respect sto Mr. De Wolf Hopper in this manner:

Basso profundo, heaviest light comedian on the stage. Is sixteen feet high and his vocal register runs from the top of his head to his heels. Born in New York, 1858, and studied singing in the round house of the New York Central railway. His voice, by careful nursing, reached such volume that at the age of 12 he was able to drown the sound of seventeen locomotives all whistling at once, and in 1875, in a contest with a tugboat for the noise championship of the United States, he put the tugboat out of commission in seven minutes. Later he entered the employ of the light house service, and for four years was usefully occupied on the New England and New Jersey coasts, warning vessels off the dangerous rocks and reefs by running the scale on foggy nights.

Attracting the attention of Colonel McCaull, of the famous opera company, by his work in this connection. The colonel was returning from Europe in a belated Cunarder, and while off the Banks in a dense fog the bass notes of Hopper fell upon his ear. "Is that a fog horn, Captain Cook?" the impresario inquired. "No, Colonel McCaull, the distinguished navigator replied, "that is De Wolf Hopper down at Sandy Hook." A week later the comedian was engaged to sing male choruses in the McCaull Opera company. His huge bulk soon made it necessary to promote him to leading man, since it was impossible for him to appear on the stage at all without occupying the center of it.

The statement that Mr. Hopper, as an infant, swallowed a megaphone while at play is a slander that is easily refuted by all who are aware that megaphones were not invented until long after Hopper's voice had been developed to the highest pitch. His humor is of the strenuous order known as Equine, but it is good.

There is a good story told at Sol Smith Russell's expense. It runs thus: After the performance of the new play, "Peaceful Valley," at Tacoma, an Englishman of apparent culture waited to have a word with the star. "You are," said he to Mr. Russell, "an actor of real promise. I have enjoyed your performance so highly that I venture in a spirit of admiration to venture a suggestion. I trust I am not offending?" "Oh, no; not at all," urged Mr. Russell. "Go on, my dear sir; I am only too glad to hear suggestions." "Well, then," continued the stranger, "it occurs to me that you would do well in comedy; have you ever tried to do a comic part?"

Lou Fields met Gus Rogers on "The Rialto" a few days ago, according to the New York Times. After talking a few minutes, Fields said: "Gus, what's become of those patent leather shoes you wore last winter?"

"They have gone to the wall, Louis."

"Why? Wasn't the leather good?"

"Yes," said Gus, with a sigh, "but the patent expired."

During Sir Henry Irving's recent visit to New York, the distinguished actor had occasion to visit the Criterion theatre during an afternoon performance of "Du Barry." Passing the stage door, he noticed a couple of pickaninnies waiting there for admittance, and his curiosity being excited, he accosted them and inquired what they might be doing there, says the New York Times.

"Please, Boss," replied one of them, a coal-black urchin of about 10, "we'se actors."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry, his stern features relaxing into a smile, "and what part do you play?"

The little son of Ethiop drew himself up proudly. "I'se de footstool for Mrs. Leslie Carter," he announced, gravely; "an' Andy, he pours de coffy."

"Do you recognize the profession here?" queried Humphat, insinuatingly.

"Yes," replied the man in the box office; "but don't be alarmed. We won't give you away."

Kansas City Journal: "Do you know anything about railroading?" asked the general superintendent of the road of the man who asked for a job.

"Do I?" answered the applicant, with some scorn. "Why, I know all about it. I had charge of the Lincoln J. Carter 'props' for two seasons."

It is said that Mrs. Leslie Carter, during a rehearsal of "Du Barry" in Baltimore, objected to the presence of a white horse to take the part of the animal who is brought on to draw the unfortunate heroine's tumbrel through the streets of Paris to the guillotine.

MISS VIOLET CRAIG,

As she appeared in the role of Moselle in "The Wanderer" at the Salt Palace theatre this week. Miss Craig returned only a short time ago from a tour of the coast, where she was engaged in vaudeville work on the Orpheum circuit.

MISS RUBY LINDSAY,

Who played Bess Marks, a true southern girl, in "'Twixt Love and Duty," and Agnes Fairlee in "The Wanderer," at the Salt Palace theatre last week. She lately returned from Butte, where she did repertoire work at McGuire's theatre.

She was told that the horse was a "bully old nag" and "just the thing" wanted.

"I can't help it," replied the actress. "This scene is the most crucial point of the play. I can't afford to take any chances. I have no objections to the horse personally, but he's white, and in a tragic scene like this I can't afford to give any fool out in the front a chance to make a joke out of the red-headed girl and the white horse."

It need hardly be said, says Leslie's Weekly, the "red-headed girl" referred to was Mrs. Carter herself.

Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" has been adapted to stage purposes.

Teresa Vaughn is said to be insane beyond hope of a cure.

Chauncey Olcott has gone to Ireland to secure material for a new play.

Richard Mansfield will prolong his present season up to July 4.

Julia Marlowe has two new plays, "Dolly Madison" and "Electra."

This is Frederick Warde's twenty-first season, and he will present an absolutely new production, besides reviving several of his most notable successes of the past. His repertoire includes "Horatius," a new Roman tragedy by Verna Woods of Sacramento, Cal., that has been received with every evidence of popular favor. It is founded on the historical incident in Roman history of the battle of Horatii, with their cousins, the Curiatii of Albana, for the supremacy of Rome, and also relates the tragic story of the death of the brother and sister. This play is full of strong dramatic treatment and picturesque display. It gives one of the most interesting and truthful pictures of the early Roman domestic life.

Donnelly & Girrard, of "Natural Gas" fame, have joined forces again after a long separation. They will open in Chicago July 7.

It is said that T. S. Mathews of the well known vaudeville team of Bulger & Mathews, is in precarious health and may never act again.

Weber & Fields played to a $6,000 house in Louisville.

A new London play is called "There and Back."

Sol Smith Russell had his life insured for over $100,000, and in addition had nearly $700,000 in government bonds.

John Drew will probably continue in "The Second in Command" next season, as it proved both profitable and successful this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walcott will appear in one of Mr. Belasco's companies next season, having signed contracts to that effect.

Joseph Clarke's historical poetic play, "Lady Godiva," written especially for Sarah Truax, received its initial presentation at the Grand opera house, Pittsburg, last Monday night, and scored a popular and artistic success. The audience numbered over 2,000 people and was one of the most brilliant and representative that ever assembled in a Pittsburg theatre. Miss Truax was surrounded with floral offerings and was obliged to make a speech before the curtain.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have decided not to present "The Light That Failed," and now offer the play for sale. Goodwin and Elliott will separate in September, 1903.

Eugene Canfield has been re-engaged for another season with David Warfield in "The Auctioneer."

A Cleveland man has finished a new melodrama that he thinks will be a winner from the word go, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He hasn't named it yet, but most any name will do, provided it shows up well on the posters, and the dramatist isn't worrying a bit about this trifling detail.

In the construction of his play he has followed the Dumas method and written the last act first. This enabled him to finish at the beginning.

"My drama can be played from either end," he said recently. "It not only concludes with a climax, but begins with one as well. This at times should be a very good thing for us. If business proved dull and it became necessary to take unusual pains to save the costumes from the despoiler, the people of the cast could wear all their costumes at once, and then by beginning the play at the end would be enabled to utilize the outside costume first.

"While all my scenes are strong, I like the climax of the third act best. An officer comes in to arrest the hero for a crime which he did not commit—an old idea carefully worked over—and the hero's intelligent dog eats the warrant for his master's arrest. The officer, who is really the villain in disguise, is nearly baffled, but not quite. He snatches up the dog and hands him to the hero, declaring that in doing so he has served the warrant on him.

"The hero demurs and thereupon everybody comes on, including the father of the girl the hero loves, a leading corporation lawyer, and to him the hero appeals for a decision in the matter. The eminent counsel considers the question gravely, while everybody hangs around waiting for the opinion. Just as he is going to decide in favor of the villain, the dog suddenly coughs up the seal of the warrant he had swallowed, and the lawyer quickly decides that the document without the seal is worthless. This releases the hero amid tremendous applause, and the villain sneaks away muttering 'Foiled!'

"All I'm afraid of," the dramatist concluded, "is that just after I get this play going and pulling in its thousands, some blamed Chicagoan will hustle forward and insist that he wrote the piece twenty years ago."

Sir Henry Irving relates a western experience that happened to him during one of his earlier tours in this country, says the New York Times. "I was playing 'Othello' in the then Washington territory, and my audience was composed for the most part of miners. When we came to the handkerchief scene, where Othello demands the handkerchief of Desdemona many times, I noticed that the audience was becoming exceedingly nervous. About the third time the demand for the handkerchief was repeated a large Irishman in the rear of the house shouted:

"'Wipe your nose on your slaive, you nayger, and let the play go on.'"

Wilton Lackaye is a rhymster as well as an actor. Here is one verse of his latest poem, entitled "A Lullaby," according to the New York Commercial Advertiser:

Little Ikey, go to sleep,
While you ma der vatches keep—
Ma would like to keep a few
If der tickets vasn't due.
Vile you slumper in your nest
Pa don't lose no interest.
By low,
Sell high,
Ikey;

Mabelle Rice, daughter of Dan Rice, the veteran clown, is contemplating going into vaudeville. She is said to be a clever violinist and a singer of unusual ability.

It is reported that Julia Marlowe's personal share of the net receipts of this season's performance of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is close on to $165,000. After her return from Europe she will produce Catulle Mendes' play, "Queen Flouretta," opening in October.

Grace George (Mrs. W. A. Brady), who has been appearing in "Under Southern Skies," under the management of her husband, has now essayed the more pretentious role of "Frou-Frou." Milton Lackaye appears as one of her support.

Kirtland Calhoun, manager for a number of years of the Calhoun Opera company, died on Monday last, of heart disease.

It is announced that the actual tragedy in which Josie Mansfield, Jim Fisk and Edward Stokes played parts, is to form the foundation for a melodrama. This will be stage realism with a vengeance.

A Florida doctor has established a bad precedent. A song writer mentioned the doctor in one of his ditties, and the grateful physician made the balladist a present of a lot of land.

UNIMAGINATIVE MULES.

This Fact One of the Reasons of Their Value.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"Mules are utterly without any sort of imagination," said an old veterinary surgeon, "and this fact alone has placed humanity under an immense obligation to this creature. Many accidents have been prevented, many lives have been saved because of the fact that the mule does not know this extraordinary thing we call imagination. The imaginative faculty is not unknown in certain other lower orders of life. Dogs frequently show evidences of imagination. They hear imaginary sounds because of some peculiar association. Dogs have been known to bristle up at shadows or at certain natural formations which suggested the idea of immediate attack.

"Every owner of a dog is familiar with the dog's dreaming habit. Horses, too, imagine things and dream a great deal. They have that more delicate and more sensitive temperament which develops the imagination, and the faculty for dreaming. But the mule never imagines anything. He never dreams. He believes simply in what he can see, feel, smell, hear and taste. When the possibility of these senses are exhausted he is at the end of his row, as far as his mind goes. He rarely shows nervousness, and even at trying moments, at critical times, he simply deals with the situation with stoical indifference, making no effort to go beyond the range of the five senses. This fact has made him a safe member. For instance, men who are in the habit of riding through dangerous parts of the country, through mountainous regions where there is almost constant danger of falling over a precipice, would rather be astride a species of the mule tribe. He is safe-footed in the first place, and makes no guesses. You simply cannot force him into a place where he will lose his balance, and possibly his life and the life of his rider. He is not going to shy around things like a horse will. It is not a matter of courage with him. He is not gamer than the horse. But he is simply safer because he does not imagine vain things.

"He believes in the five senses at his command, and puts implicit trust in them. He never dreams, and this fact has, no doubt, saved many lives under circumstances which would have worked the horse up to a nervous pitch that would have caused him to plunge over a precipice with his rider. We owe much to the mule, and we should not forget the fact because of his displacement by electricity and other kinds of motive power now used in certain lines of business."

The Boy Who Deceived His Teacher.

(June Success.)

The boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems and completed his tasks himself led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to clip his day's work, until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the school room, has grown until nobody will trust him, and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher, but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.

Found His Affinity.

(Puck.)

"And the colonel did not horsewhip you, after all?"

"The colonel," replied the editor, "came to lick and remained to liquor."

The Street Car Nickel.

The Conductor Does Not Get Them All; Some Go to the Company.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

"FARE, please!" The conductor edges his way through the crowded car, collects your nickel and "rings it up" on the register. This is the extent of the ordinary street car patron's acquaintance with the financial workings of a traction company.

If he is an old and wise patron he never hands the conductor anything more than a 5, 10 or 25-cent piece. When coins of a larger denomination or bills are tendered the uniformed autocrat of the car returns a handful of nickels. He doesn't do it through spite. He is simply carrying out one of the policies of his employers. This policy is to avoid receiving any more nickels than possible, for these small coins are troublesome things to handle by the hundreds of thousands.

Supposing that you are riding downtown on a Cottage Grove avenue car and you hand the conductor a $2 bill. Unless he is shy of nickels he will return a handful of them, and if you protest he says:

"Sorry, but I can't help it. You ought to get some small change before you jump on a car." Then if he is in a communicative mood he will add: "You see, the 'big guns' at the general offices don't like to get any more nickels than they have to. I don't mean that they hate to get money. Not by a jugful! But they are deluged with 5-cent pieces every day, and we have standing orders to turn in as few of them as possible.

"Therefore if a cheerful patron comes at us with a bill—and we don't like to get big bills, by the way—we immediately counter with a batch of nickels. Kick? Why, of course, some of them do, but it's coin of the realm and they have to take it."

The average daily receipts of the Union Traction company amount to $5,000 in bills, $13,250 in silver and almost $2,000 in nickels.

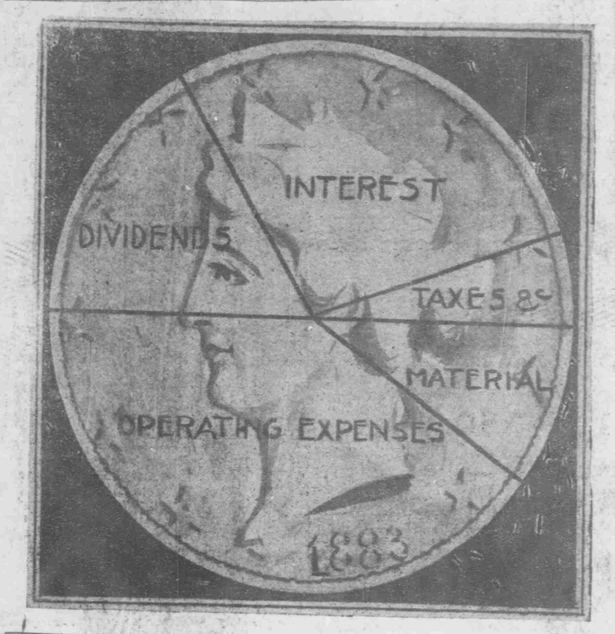
This means that one traction company handles about 33,340 nickels alone each day. What becomes of these small coins after they have been handed to the conductor?

As soon as the faretaker finishes his day's "run" he turns his receipts over to an official at the general offices. This official has his assistants place the nickels in bags and take them to a bank.

Several of the big down-town banks are the first depository of the nickel after it has passed through the treasuries of the traction companies. Time was when these nickels were actually counted in the banks. This was in the days when the approach of a street car was heralded to waiting passengers by the merry tinkle of a bell attached to the jaded "leader" of the horse or mule team. Since then the nickels have increased in numbers to such an extent that actual count is out of the question, and they are simply weighed.

Of course, old and worn nickels are lighter than the new coin, but the banks and the traction companies have arrived at an average to the number of nickels in the pound, fair to both parties. The banks, perhaps, are the gainers by this method of computation. At any rate, they gain much valuable time by it, and time is money.

After a short rest in the bank the coins are taken to the sub treasury where they are placed on trial as to their fitness for further circulation. The worn coin is condemned to the melting pot with hundreds of thousands of nickels that are "no good" any more, while the still serviceable coin gets gradually into circulation again, aided subsequently by the bright new fellows that leave the mint for another tour among humanity, making dividends, building homes and creating joy or sorrow, as the case may be.



To the passenger, the nickel means transportation over a stated line for a certain distance. To the holder of stock in surface and elevated lines, taking good, bad and indifferent lines together, the nickel means, on an average:

Operating expenses	1,950 pennies
Material	485 pennies
Taxes and insurance	265 pennies
Interest on bonds	1,440 pennies
Dividends	860 pennies
Totals	5 cents

During the past year Chicago surface and elevated roads transported 359,547,534 passengers. This number includes those who ride on passes, but it is safe to say that 350,000,000 people paid their fares, which means $17,500,000 in nickels.

The receipts of the Chicago Union Traction company from passengers last year amounted to $7,369,816, representing an average of $19,917.30 for every day in the year. This means a total of 145,369,320 fares, or a daily average of 403,837. Of course, the Union Traction company has the most extensive service of all transportation lines, last year's figures of the number of passengers carried being:

Chicago Union Traction company	145,396,320
Chicago City Railway company	117,863,990
Metropolitan L road	33,910,790
South Side L road	26,320,189
Northwestern L road	20,327,005
Lake Street L road	15,729,240
Total	359,547,534

Considering that the elevated roads in proportion take in more nickels than the surface roads, because far less "change" is made on the former, it is safe to say that, on an average, 80,000 nickels a day are taken in on all the local transportation lines. This means $4,000 a day, or about $1,440,000 a year.

Philosophically speaking, the power of the nickel in the development of Chicago has probably never been justly considered. How many millions has the accumulating nickel made, even without the "watering" of stock? How many miles of streets has it built? Was it not, after all, the nickel which caused the great annexation of '89, and created a greater Chicago of nearly 190 square miles of territory and upward of 2,000,000 inhabitants?

Again, how many reputations in the municipal and state legislature has the nickel blackened, and how many homes of the thousands of employes of the traction companies has it built? And how about real estate values? What would they be in Chicago today without the car-fare nickel?